along the curb-stones; every street corner had a throng and every throng chattered of the fight or shot their eager glances into the backs in search of the notables of the day. Every man of any prominence got an ovation that was startling in its strength. Those who could not get into the club felt authorized to hang on the outside for builetins from the ring. On both Royal and Chartres streets the blue-coats showed their clubs and made their presence felt. They were responsible for the decorum of the event, and they did their work well. There was a ripple of excitement when the Dixon party drove up to the club curb and handed up their tickets. Their fight was over and their anxiety past. Dixon looked as chipper as a bird. His suit was new, his smile was broad, his hat was tilted on his head at an angle of many degrees, and his wealth was on the big man. He had a pleasant smile for everybody, and everybody treated him with courtesy.

THE PURSE AND CONDITIONS. In all respects to-night's fight was the greatest of the three. In point of purse, in point of men, in point of crowd and in point of excitement it excelled the battles already gone into history. It was no wonder, therefore, that those who could not go or would not go forsook their beds and crowded around bulletin boards, eager for a word of news from the struggle of tonight. When they made the match they meant it to be an aggressive one in its re-sult. There was plenty of money to back each man. The Sullivan people dictated the terms and the other side had to meet the lead. Ten thousand doilars a side was pamed as the wager. The Corbett people agreed to it without demur. That meant \$20,000 as a starter. Then there came the question of a purse. The Olympic is the Sullivan of clubs, and wanted the match at all hazards. It offered \$25,000 for the "mill," and the princely sum was accepted. It was agreed that the winner should have the whole of it. The loser will have no financial solace for

The conditions of the contest were brief and to the point. It was to be a fight to a finish under Queensbury rules. That means the men must stand up fairly and box stripped to the waist; each round was to last three minutes and there was a minute between rounds. Nothing was said about weights; each man was privileged to carry as much flesh as he pleased. Along with wagered on the result

The Sullivan people came to the club first. They took a carriage at the hotel before 7 o'clock and drove lessurely down with a string of backs. The carriages were closed and few on the streets knew it contained the man from Boston, When it reached the club there was an immense bundle of people fighting their way into the ring-side. Lusty-voiced and big-boned "coppers" cleared the sidewalks and the champion and his family went in. Jack McAuliffe, Frank Moran, Jack Ashton, Phil Casey and lesser lights were with them. Sullivan were a dark suit, his heavy sweater peoping through his half open coat. He looked strong and determined, and had a jaunty air. He mingled so easy with the people entering at the time that few noticed him. Sullivan went at once to his room, and his friends prepared him for the fray. A big policeman stood at door, which was locked inside, and no one was admitted but the trainers and seconds of the fighter and President Noel, who came to see how the campion felt. Sullivan took the room down stairs-the one which Skelly occupied the night before. In the toss for corners Corbett won and choose the lucky one that Dixon and McAuliffe fought in.

Big Jim Corbett followed in the wake of the champion, coming in fifteen minutes later. He had remained in his room until the very last moment that he could with safety, and then, with his trainers, and seconds, and representatives of the Southern Athletic Club, he jumped into a carriage and sped down to the club. When his party pulled up in front of the door the street was cleared and an avenue opened into the building. Corbett came in first, with light step and a face wreathed in smiles. He wore a tweed suit, a cap and yellow shoes, and his hands were stuck in the pockets of his sack coat. He nodded to friends as he walked rapidly to his room and showed no signs of nervousness in face of the eyes leveled at him. Mike Dono-van, Billy Brady, Denny Dillon, Jim Daly and one or two others trotted behind, and when they entered the liftle room upstairs they went to work to strip the gladiator. The two heavy weights remained in their room until called to the ring.

THEN AND NOW.

Prize-Fighting in Days Gone by Compared

with the Sport at Present. The arena in its enlarged condition presented a striking appearance when filled to its utmost capacity, even the overhanging galleries above the vast throng that lined the almost countless tiers of seats in the main body of the arena being packed with an eager throng, all intently watching every move that was made in the ring and about it. In looking over the immense throng one could not help reflecting upon the tremendous strides in popular favor that has been made by boxing since Heenan and Morrissey fought on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie a little over thirty years ago. In those days men were in the habit of going to prize-fights "on the sly," and those who went were particularly careful to have their names kept out of the newspapers at all hazards. But it was not only the disgrace consequent upon being known as a patron of fistic sports that deterred many from attending prize-fights in the good old days. At that time going to a prize-fight meant long and fatiguing rides in badly managed trains or on board the Howest and most uncomfortably crowded steamboats staggering under a huge load of profane and foul-mouthed humanity of the very lowest type-men who would under ordinary circumstances be the most objectionable of traveling companions, but when in the midst of surroundings of a plass calculated to arouse and encourage their worst propensities, became doubly objectionable. In the old times the crowd isually assembled at a ring-side, while not wholly made up of the worst classes, was usually of such a character that ruffianism was vastly n the ascendency throughout the whole journey from beginning to end. Thieves, swindlers, sonfidence men and pickpockets would ply their rades from the time the boat or train started m its trip until the battle was over and the rowd scattered in the great city once more. and the unfortunate who happened to be re-· leved of his money and jewelry usually had too nuch sense to "make a kick" over his loss as experience on such excursions had generally aught him that any remonstrance would only secure for him outbreaks of laughter and un-

In those good old days, too, it was not always that the better man proved the victor, for, as a ville, the crowd at the ring-side had much more to say about the settlement of a doubtful point than the referee had, and the fighter who had the strongest party at his back was reasonably sure to win, unless the man with the weaker party proved his superiority before any point re-juiring the intervention of the referee had time o arise. Of course there was not nearly as nuch money in prize-fighting in the old days as there is now. Of course the excursion money should usually have footed up a considerable sum, and as the excursions were nearly always over-crowded, the receipts would have been something enormous had everybody on board paid full fare, which was generally something exorbitant, but, as a rule there were many on all these excursions who had not had the price of a ticket for many years, as it was deemed necesassist the referee in arriving at a decision in favor of the man who had paid their railway or steamboat fare.

THE FISTIC ART AT PRESENT. Then, as prize-fighting, in the common acceptation of the term, has been under the ban of the law, those who attended the old-time battles were almost always forced to begin their journey in the night, suffer from hunger and want of sleep, and return home tired and more completely worn out than if they had taken a week's journey under ordinary circumstances. All these things had a tendency to make prize-righting disreputable in the old times, but, as conducted at the Olympic Club, these contests have come to wear a different aspect. Now, men travel to the great boxing contests in vestibuled. limited trains, they sleep at the best hotels, fare sumptuously every day, and when the time for the contest arrives they find them-selves in a grand, brilliantly-lighted arena, in comfortable and most luxurious seats, without having undergone anything like discomfort on their journey to the battle-ground. Instead of the discretely mob, they find surrounding them men of apparent respectability, who are in the ordinary walk of life, who have no more notion of creating any disturbance than if they were at a political meeting at which than if they were at a political meeting at which no very exciting issues were to be dealt with, and in addition to this safeguard against anything like rowdyism they see a strong force of police ready to stamp out anything resembling disorder. They see a ring made with the most scrupulous regard for the safety of the contest-ants, having heavily-padded posts and ropes, so is head to foot, of heroic size and in parian mar-

adjusted that it would be practically impossible for either man to be knocked through them and receive injury from the barbed wire of the outer rfig, which has been made strong and firm to avert even the possibility of trouble through

outside interference. The picture presented by the interior of the arena is one long to be remembered. Boxes filled to overflowing with people who were willing to pay an extravagant price for choice seats, and between these and the ring were the rows of press seats running all around the outer ring, provided with a long planed board which served the reporters as a table upon which to write their copy as the fight was in progress. Beyond the boxes was a broad aisle, and then from its outer edge, to the extreme top of the walls, rose tier upon tier of seats, all of which were crowded with spectators. The night was warm, and long before the hour for the men to enter the ring had arrived, coats had been laid aside, and these great banks of humanity looked like terraces of black, white and pink in regular rows, the dark or black line representing the trousers and waist-coats of the spectators, the white their shirtsleeves and the pink their faces, which, in the distance, in spite of the brilliant electric lights, looked dim and indistinct, all the individuality

fading out into one blurred line of pink. Though the best order and good humor prevailed what would have been only a low hum of voices in an ordinary sized crowd was magnified into a loud hoarse roar as the voices of fully 8,000 people were blended into a gigantic whole. Occasionally some one would recognize a friend or acquintance on the opposite side of the arena and make a vain attempt to attract his attention, but though these efforts were most annoying to everybody but the individual who happened to be making them, they were almost invaribly unsuccessful as far as their original purpose was concerned, for though no particular individual was making much noise, the roar made by the vast crowd in the aggregate was such that an individual voice counted for almost nothing as compared with it.

SULLIVAN THE FAVORITE. The crowd appeared to be pretty evenly divided in its sympathies. Both men had plenty of friends, but it would have been difficult to determine which man was the favorite before the boxers made their appearance. There was no betting allowed by the club, and, therefore, those who had strong preferences, which they were willing to support with their money, had no opportunity of making any investments except in the most secret manner. It is almost unnecessary to say that as far as betting men were concerned Sullivan was the favorite at odds of about two to one, though those who looked purely at form, as far as known through the public record of the men, failed to see why "the big man" should be selected as an infallible winner. It was true that Sullivan had a wonderful record for knocking out men all over the purse to the winner goes the champion-ship title, and to both of the gladiators that meant more than the coin that was the Baltimorean was unquestionably at his best, and that after one of the longest and hardest fights on record. It was not that Kilrain was a wonderfully good man that day, but the circumstances under which they fought were all against the men. They were fighting in almost moment ary expectation of arrest on a criminal charge, and it is now very well understood that each party fully expected that the other contemplated foul play, in which some of the most desperate

men in the country were expected to take a prominent part. In addition to all this, they fought for ever two hours in the broiling sun, while the mercury stood at 118 degrees the greater part of the time. While the battle was in progress strong men were falling down, fainting with the intense heat, though they had nothing to do except to sit still and watch the pugllists putting forth the mest violent exertions of which they were capable. Such an exhibition of strength, pluck and endurance has rarely been witnessed by any men in any country, and when it is remembered that at the end of the fight Sullivan was an easy victor, it is not surprising that he should be regarded by those who saw him pass through the terrible or deal as practically invincible. It is true that Kilrain never appeared to be the same man afterward and at his time of life it is hardly to be supposed that he will do much to regain his lost prestige and physical vigor. Sullivan, on the other hand, had never shown any symptoms of having his constitution in any way injured by that famous struggle, and as he was fresh and strong at the end of the contest, it is reasonable to assume that he was in no way injured by it. Much stress was also laid on the reports of Sullivan's dissipation and irregular habits; but it was also remembered that just such reports had been widely circulated regarding Sullivan prior to his fight with Kilrain, and yet no man ever entered the ring in better condition than Sullivan did at Richburg. THEIR RECORDS COMPARED.

It would be tedious to enumerate the long list of "knock-outs" accomplished by Sullivan. His technical record has been published again and again, and though he lost a very badly made match with Tug Wilson, and broke his arm while boxing with Patsey Cardiff, he met with no defeats, the nearest approach to it being his draw with Charley Mitchell in France. It may be said, therefore, that when Sullivan stepped into the ring to-night he appeared before eight thousand spectators a pugulist who, with a tre-mendously long list of victories to his credit, had not suffered a single defeat. His career been altogether unique and practically unparalleled in the history of the prize ring. Tom Sayers was a pugilistic won-der in his day, and retired with but a single de-feat scored against hun, that having been ac-complished by Nat Langbam, when Sayers was from 150 pounds to 154 pounds, and he was accustomed to being knocked off his legs again and again by the big men with whom he used to be matched, while there is only one man in the ring who has ever knocked Sullivan down, and that man is Charley Mitchell. Sullivan had aiways won his battles in such a powerful and masterful manner that it was difficult for those who had witnessed his triumphs to recognize for him the possibility of defeat.

On the other hand, it was easy to understand why Corbett's friends should be full of confidence. Like Sullivan, the young Californian has a brilliant record, unmarred by a single defeat. His list of victories was much shorter than Sullivan's, but he is still young in the business, and the men whom he had met were all reckoned good ones. His battle with Jackson, though a draw, had gone far to give his friends confidence in him. Sullivan had defeated Kilrain in seventy-five rounds. Slavin had defeated Kilrain in nine rounds, Jackson had easily disposed of Slavin and Corbett had made a draw with Jackson at the end of a very long fight, the first thirty rounds of which had been very hotly contested. By this system of tests Corbett looked to be a better man than Sullivan, and to emphasize this line of argument it was pointed out that Corbett had, not many months after the Richburg battle, virtually disposed of Kilrain before the Southern Athletic Club, in New Orleans, in six rounds. This, of course, all looked very well on paper, but many shrewd judges firmly believed that the Kilrain who made such a stubborn and plucky fight at Richburg was a very different man from the Kurain who afterward met Vacquelin, Corbett, Godfrey and Slavin. It was also claimed that Jackson was suffering intensely from a sprained ankle when he fought his draw with Corbett, while he was in the best possible condition when he met and defeated Slaviu. Again it was urged by the friends of Corbett that though he had leen a somewhat free liver, fond of fun and "larking," he had never indulged in excesses of any kind that were at all calculated to impair his physical vigor. He was also much younger than Sullivan, and the surgeon who had measured him had pronounced him a bigger man than his burly antagonist. There were also many who backed Corbett for this fight who had won thousands of dollars on Sullivan in his former battles, but who believed that a prize-fighter who had taken even the best of care of himself must begin to go down hill before reaching Suilivan's age. They thought he had made the mistake of staying too long in the ring, as so many had done before him, and that his Wellington and Waterloo were to come in the young California giant and the great arena of the Olympic Club.

HOW THE MEN LOOKED.

Corbett Like an Apollo in Marble, and Sul-

livan Like a Hercules. It may well be questioned if two such giants ever faced each other in a prize ring. Certainly neither of these had ever faced such a formidable looking antagonist, Both were splendid specimens of physical development, but they were as unlike as Apollo and Hercules.

Beautiful in every outline, from neck to . heels, Corbett looked the ideal athlete cut in the whitest marble in heroic proportions. The searching blue white rays of the great electric lights had seemed to chill the last trace of color from his naturally white skin. It had not even the warmth of ivory white, but rather the pale tint of the purest parian marble. But in spite of this rare delicacy of hue there was no delicacy of form. A large well formed head, and a pleasing face, suggestive rather of the tragedian than the pugilist, but with the firm-set jaw and the bold fearless eye, such as would have served the Gladiator of two thousand years ago, the knight or chieftain of the middle ages, or the dashing dragoon of later times. A neck that was a model of grace and strength, though possibly a trifle longer than would fit the typical pugilist. From the broad base of the tower-shaped neck, the wide shoulders drooped gracefully away, rounding out to great thickness over the blades. and a corresponding fullness across the whole width of the chest, giving an enormous trunk, gracefully, though but slightly tapering to the hips and so nearly cylindrical in form as to detract to a

ble." That was James Corbett as he stood in the ring ready for the battle that was to make or "snuff him out" as a pugilist, and which, if won, would put in his hands a fortune, and with all these, to him great issues, trembling in the bal-ance, he looked as gay and jaunty as though he had been putting on the gloves "to oblige a

friend" at some benefit. In the opposite corner of the ring sat another figure which, though massive, powerful and muscular, presented a strange contrast with the form just described. This was a grandly impos-ing shape, but no time had been wasted by nature in ornamenting it. Compared with the snow-white statue that Corbett looked under the electric light, Sullivan looked like one of the heroic works of the old masters compared with those of the latter-day realists. He was grand and im-posing in effect, though faulty in minute detail. He was a symmetrical whole, but rough in exe-cution, as though the grand conception of the designer had scorned to be hampered and fet-tered by petty rules and small details. His was a figure to enforce the admiration of the artist and contemptuously disregard the small carping of the petty critic. A head of fair propor-tions, a face which, though not handsome, had still a look that was far from unpleasant; big bright blue eyes, a short, massive and power-ful neck, a lower jaw that betokened the stub-born courage of a bull dog. Then came the feature of Sullivan's physical make-up that must always be regarded as the most striking. Here are to be found the chest and shoulders of a giant, attached to the remaining portions of a large, powerful and well developed man. The arms and hands appeared to belong to the same mold as the enormous trunk; but while the legs were rugged and powerful, they and the hips seemed to be out of harmony with that tremendous section from the ears to the hips. As the sturdy giant stood up in his corner and one looked at those muscular and shapely legs they looked strong enough to support the most gigantic frame, but when the eye ranged upward to that great chest, arms and shoulders it was at once impressed strongly with the idea of very pronounced disproportion; the limbs, strong and vigorous as they were, did not appear to possess enough of weight and disinheritance to sustain the tramendous shock of the receil from one of the tremendous shock of the recoil from one of those terrific blows such as might be expected of that rugged mountain of bone, muscle and sinew surmounting them. The evidences of enormous power seem to be out of all propor-tion to Sullivau's lower extremities, though they in themselves looked to be sufficiently strong to carry the trunk and shoulders of any two-hun-dred-and-fifty-pound man of ordinary form. There was a look of power about Sullivan's chest, shoulders and arms, however, that was absolutely colossean. This look of power was not confined to the arms, shoulders and chest either. It was in every line, as well as in the huge swelling masses of muscle that clothed that mighty trunk. Even his color was ruddy and warm, despite the weird tricks played by the electric light. Thus it was with Sullivan, as he sat in his corner, the stern, sober face furrowed with care and experience of the world, even overripe for one of his years, the grizzled hair, the thick, rounded nuscles standing out in that fullness of maturity that usually denotes the last gain of stubborn strength at the cost of at least the speed and suppleness of youth; and, indeed, from every point of view he looked a man past his prime in all but those undying qualities-iron will and unflinching courage. A man prematurely old, and even in years beyond the meridian of life, as far as physique went, he still wore the look of a winner, although opposed to him was youth, courage, skill, speed, and such a form as promised more than any prize-fighter that had ever faced him.

THE BATTLE,

Sullivan Knocked Out in the Twenty-First Round After a Lively "Mill,"

The first sign of the contest for the championship of America came in the person of Police Captain William Barrett, who went into the ring at five minutes to 9 o'clock. The scales upon which the five-ounce gloves were weighed were laid beside the middle post of the ring. Ex-Mayor Guillott, who acted as master of ceremonies, entered the arena a few minutes later and made a speech, warning the spectators that they must be careful not to violate any rule of the club. Sullivan entered the ring first, dressed in green trunks and black shoes and socks. He looked in perfect condition. Corbett followed a moment later, looking pale and finely drawn beside his more bulky antagonist. He wore an air of conficence, however, and smiled and nodded to acquaintances around the ring, though he was said by some people to be a little nervous. Police Captain Barrett stepped to the center of the ring and presented referee John Duffy with a beautiful silver ice-bowl and ladie. John Donaldson and Billy Delaney were announced as Corbett's seconds, with "Bat" Masterson as timekeeper. Charles Johnson and Jack Mc-Auliffe were seconds for John L. Sullivan, and Frank Moran time-keeper. The gloves were weighed and found to be according to law, and they were given to the fighters. In the parley which was held in the center of the ring Corbett looked entirely outnot hearly in condition, but Sayers used to fight | classed in point of build, though his friends relied upon his cleverness to win the battle. The pivot blow and back-heeling was barred by mutual consent, and the men, agreeing to fight fair, were sent to their corners to get ready for the fray. The battle commenced at 9:10.

First Round-Both men stepped lightly to the center of the ring and Sullivan immediately became the aggressor. He made a left lead and was stopped. Corbett danced all about his bulky opponent, eyeing him closely. Sullivan made a rush, but Jim backed away; he also attempted a left hander, but Corbett would not bite. Sullivan looked vicious as he played for an opening, and attempted a right hand van tried to corner Jim, but the latter slipped away. The gong sounded and not a blow had been landed by either man.

Second Round-Sullivan was still the aggressor. He attempted a left for the head, and missed it. Jim slipped neatly away from a left-hand swing. A moment later the men came to a clinch, and Jim aimed a left-hand punch. Sullivan upper cut Jim in a duck, and touched him again with his left hand a liftle later. Jim eved his man closely, and when Sullivan would rush the Californian would slip away. Sullivan landed a heavy right on the shoulder, but received a stomach punch in return.

JIM PUNCHES JOHN'S STOMACH. Third Round-Corbett ducked away from a heavy lunge. Sullivan followed him around the ring trying for the stomach. Jim's head missed a heavy left-bander, and Sullivan looked vicious. Jim landed two heavy left stomach punches and Sullivan missed a victous right. Both men hit each other on the head and Corbett slipped out of harm's way. He came back quickly and landed his left on the stomach. He also planted a beavy left on the champion's ear, sending his head back. Both men were fighting bard when The gong sounded; Sullivan was ringing wet from perspiration.

Fourth Round-Sullivan missed his left again. but he chased Jim around the ring. Sullivan landed a light left. Corbett stepped up close, attempting to punch the stomach, but John was guarding that part of his body with his right nand. The champion followed his opponent all over the ring, and received a heavy left-hand swing on the head for his pains. Corbett was standing well up in this round against the great gladiator with whom he was fighting. Jim landed both hands on Sullivan's head as the round ended, and the champion went to his corner with a sneering smile

Fifth Round-Sullivan stepped to the center with a smile, and Corbett touched his nose with a left. The champion tried to land a left on the stomach, and the men clinched, Sullivan landing his first heavy right. Sullivan missed a fearful left-hand swing and staggered forward from the force of his blow. Both men fought cautiously for an opening, and the champion seemed eager for hot work. He followed his antagonist all around the ring, and first blood came from Sullivan's nose. The fight was fast and furious, and Sullivan nearly fell on the ropes from left-hand labs on the head. As the round ended Corbett landed a heavy right on the champion's head. Sixth Round—Both men landed light lefts, and Sullivan's pose was bleeding again. The chan pion was beginning to look tired, for he missed a heavy right aimed for the jaw. Corbett took plenty of time, and used the entire ring to maneuver in. He landed a light left on the stomach and punched the champion on the face.
A little later there was heavy exchange of lefts
on the head. Sullivan seemed to be angry, and slapped his opponent with his left hand. Cor-The men were in the center of the ring, and i began to look like some of the fight was out of Sullivan. Jim landed a heavy left on Sullivan's

head and the champion went to his corner look-Seventh Round-Cerbett walked right up to Sullivan and barely avoided a left-hand punch The champion was trying his hardest for a right on the jaw, but foxy Corbett was not there: the champion landed two light blows on the head and Corbett sent in a hot shot from the left on the nose. He jabbed Sully continually on the nose in this round and blood flowed freely. Jim was cheered to the echo for his skillful fighting. Sullivan's only hope was looked for from his heavy right. Sullivan was forced on the ropes by a heavy right on the jaw, and as the gong sounded he received a heavy left on the jaw.

CORBETT BECOMES THE AGGRESSOR. Eighth Round-Sullivan landed a light left on the stomach and received the left on the mouth. Jim was now the aggressor, forcing the champion towards the post, and Sullivan, attempting a left-hand stomach punch, slipped away. Sullivan hit Corbett in a chuch and the audience yelled "foul," Both exchanged heavy lefts. Jim's head missed a mighty right. Corbett [Continued on Third Page.]

Eight from the Normannia and Two from Her Sister Pest Ship Rugia.

Fifty-Three Persons in the Hospital on Swinburne Island Suffering from Cholers or a Similar Diseasa.

Arrival of the City of New York with Chauncey M. Depew on Board.

Secretary Foster Visits the Ship and Talks with His Family, Who Will Be Compelled to Stay in Quarantine.

Cabin Passengers Likely to Be Ramoved from the Infected Steamers.

Scenes in the Lower Bay-Efforts to Communicate with the People on the Ships-Progres of the Plague Abroad.

SITUATION GRAVE.

QUARANTINE, Sept. 7 .- A resume of the

conditions in the lower bay on the infect-

Ten New Cases of Cholera Yesterday-Fifty-Three Patients in the Hospital.

ed ships and islands shows that the situation is grave without being increased in alarming features. Since last night the result is eight new cases on the Normannia and two among the passengers of the Rugia. While it is common to term all cases cholera it is reported as likely the cases on the Normannia are bowel troubles resulting from the imperfect drying of the clothing after the disinfection. The amelioration of the day is the progress made toward securing of many. a place for the uninfected voyagers. Dr. Jenkins has been working hard on this problem, and to-night expects the conclusion of an arrangement for the use of the Fire Island Hotel for the cabin passengers of the Normannia. It is also contemplated to erect barracks on Sandy Hook and if the Fire Island Hotel deal is consummated the steerage people can be cared for on the Hook. Secretary Tracy's suggestion for tents will be carried out if they are furnished by the War Department, as Dr. Jenkins to-day advised General Tracy he could use them to advantage There are reported to be fifty-three cases now in the hospital on Swinburne island, the wards of which are ample for 850. The following are official corrections as to names contained in last night's dispatches: Ernest Token, instead of Ernest Theile, aged thirty-live, from Frankfort-on-Main, bound for South Bend, Ind., Gertie Schwarm, aged eight months, in-stead of Gertrude Scharmag, aged eight years, from Frankfort, bound to Milwau-

This afternoon Chauncey M. Depew. on the City of New York, which arrived today, sent his compliments to Dr. Jenkins and regretted that the health officer had not been able to board the Inman-liner in person. This message was received by Dr. Jenkins just as he was about to leave on his daily trip down the bay. He replied by the following message: "Present my compliments to Dr. Depew and my regrets that I must detain him and the ship

until to-morrow, at least." Thesteamer Waesland, which arrived this morning, had on board 102 cabin and 465 steerage. They are all in good health. On the City of New York there are 527 first cabin, 185 second and 427 steerage passengers. They, too, are all well.

SECRETARY FOSTER'S VISIT. Secretary Foster came down the bay or the revenue cruser Grant, and after obtaining special permit from Dr. Jenkins he boarded the steamer to see his wife and daughter and Miss Rusk, who is in the party. After a long talk with his party, in which he said they would have to wait like any other passenger, he left for the city. Senator Hobart said that Secretary Foster said that he had seen Senator McPherson aboard the Normannia, and that the Jersey Senator was very de-jected. He had not been at all well on the other side, and had hurried home only to be shut up in a cholera ship at quarantine. He thought it was terrible to keep the saloon passengers shut up on board a cholera ship. It would seem cutrageous, but he supposed that it could not be helped and that the authorities were doing their best. One thing the Senator said, and that was that there was nothing being left undone by the Inman line to prevent infection being brought on board their ships. All the baggage had been fumigated. The passengers of La Bourgogne will probably be released to-morrow morning

and possibly the ship also. The Anchor liner Elysia has been released and is on her General Passenger Agent Boos, of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company. said to-day that he had a conference Dr. Jenkins about transferring the cabin passengers the Normannia to some other vessel.

It was found impossible to get any vessel sufficiently large to accommodate the passengers. Dr. Jenkins told Mr. Boos that the old New Hampshire, which has been offered by the Navy Department, was not large enough, and he thought it could not be used.

QUARANTINE SCENES.

The Normannia's Crew-Passengers Making Merry-The Fishermen's Song.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7 .- A reporter who visited quarantine says that many of the Normannia's crew have been removed with the steerage passengers to Hoffman island, but quite a number remain behind in order to work the ship and wait on the detained passengers. In all the Normannia carries a crew of 316, and cholera seems to have obtained quite a grip on them. Yet these men have all been taken to Hoffman island, where they were bathed and otherwise others did not, and the men in such places went attended to while their quarters on board ship were fumigated. But to those familiar with a crew's quarters and with the bilge or dirty water-runs or drains of a large ship it is not surprising that the pestilential Hamburg cholera germs are still lurking in her bilge water and possibly in other parts of her bull. Bilge water is about the foulest of all drainage, for it sometimes stems the drainage inside ship until it it is black as ink and smells strong enough to make the toughest sailor feel queer. This bilge water is difficult to clean out, and it is a hard matter to disinfect the places where it lodges. Perhaps for this reason cholera still lurks on board the Normannia.

It should be repeated there is no truth in the stories about panic among the detained passengers, in spite of reports to the contrary. A reporter from a distance hailed Captain Hebich, of the Normannia, at 1 clock this morning, and was informed that the passengers were all very well and enjoying themselves as much as possible under the circumstances. In fact, there was a rousing "hop" on board the steamer and the sound of merry music was wafted across the bay to the silent watchers who patrol the waters in which the pest ships are anchored. That there are other people who do not look with gloomy minds upon the quarantine situation is evidenced by the following facts. Some fishermen who live down the bay and are thoroughly disHighest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

gusted with the regulation which prevents them from plying their trade, even went so far as to take a humorous view of things and sailed past the quarantine landing singing the following lines in high glee.

Cholera germs are in the bay, We expect them up to-day, And, with Lottie, we will say, Oh, ta-ra-ra, boom-de-ra.

The number of anxious friends of the de-

tained passengers who have been hanging about the quarantine wharf is increasing day by day, and the result is that the few small hotels and restaurants in the neighborhood are doing a large business, and the proprietors bid fair to retire with a competence if the scourge continues longer. Sandwiches alone, according to an angry Westerner, are a "dollar a bite," and hard to get at that price. The large army of newspaper men skirmishing about, quarantine for cholera news, took possession early during the scare of nearly all the available rooms to be rented in the interesting neighborhood, consequently there is a constant going and coming, between Staten island and New York, of the friends and relatives of the hundreds of passengers now exiled upon the cholera ships. Then there are many steamship agents, merchants who have goods on board the steamers, doctors, messengers, etc., etc., mingling with the anxious friends of the imprisoned travelers. Among these is Mr. O. Degetau, of Monterey, Mex., who is a striking figure. For eight days he has scanned the harbor from Cliff Cottage bluff, kept long and anxious vigils on quarantine wharf, and paced nervously between the two places. On board the Rugia, which is still anchored off the hospital lands, 18 Mr. Degetau's family of his wife and two children. They were making a tour of the continent when the cholera broke out. Mr. Degetau is a wealthy cotton manufacturer at Monterey. When he heard that the scourge had broken out he cabled Mrs. Degetan to take the first ship back, and then be burried on to New York to meet her. He has communicated with her, but he cannot see her, and what seems to be an interminable delay is wearing upon him. But this is only one case out

The sun shone brightly to-day, the air was crisp and delightful, and the upper and lower bays were dotted with many busy little tugs bearing doctors, steamship agents, newspaper men and others here, there and everywhere, all on business of some kind or other; some seeking cholers cases, others seeking news, others hurrying about in the hope of getting even a distant glance at some one on board. Then there were the police boats, the provision boats, the excursion boats and countless other pleasure craft of all descriptions, the whole presenting a scene which does much to chase away gloomy thoughts. Here in New York there is still

not the slightest feeling of alarm, though the good work of cleaning and disinfecting and preparing for the worst goes steadily on. New York may be said to be ready for the siege, prepared for the battle and to leave no stone unturned in the efforts now being made to hurl back the black invader from our coast. Telegraphic or telephonic communication between all the hospitals, islands, quarantine stations, health commissioners and officers, police department and the Mayor's office are now complete, and the federal, State and city authorities have promised Dr. Jenkins, the health officer, all the assistance he may require to do battle against the enemy. So New York may now be said to be besieged by cholera and defending itself to the utmost with all the appliances known in medical and scientific warfare and hopeful of repelling the invader before he sets foot on our shores. In this effort New York is aware that she has the sympathy of the entire country, for it is the battle of the whole country which New York is fighting and which she will fight to the last.

CHOLERA'S RECORD ABROAD. Over 800 Cases and 333 Deaths Reported at

Hamburg Yesterday. HAMBURG, Sept. 7 .- The sky has been overcast since 10 o'clock this morning, and the temperature has risen to 70°, Fahrenheit. The air is humid, and there is no breeze. Should there be no decided change to-morrow an increase of mortality to-morrow may be expected. There were 855 fresh cases to-day and 333 deaths. Up to midnight the number of deaths in Hamburg for the last seven days has been 2,800. The condition of the mortuaries in this city is beyond description. Bodies are laid out in rows of fifties. In one mortuary some of the bodies TWO OLD CRONIES along the floor so thickly that they overlap each other. Some of the bodies are dressed in street clothes others naked, others are wrapped in sheets. Five hundred men are employed constantly in nailing together plain board coffins, and five hundred more in digging

London's Mortality Returns. LONDON, Sept. 6 .- In the week's mortality returns the Registrar-general, after giving the death rate of London as sixteen per one thousand, states that twelve deaths were due to cholera or choleraic diarrhea.

The case of the seaman Murphy, who, after being discharged from the cholers hospital at Havre, came to London, where he showed suspicious symptoms caused some hension here. He was taken to the London Hospital, where the symptons were carefully studied by the physicians. The authorities to-day stated that Murphy was not suffering from a choleraic disorder.

Situation in France.

PARIS. Sept. 7 .- The prefect of police has begun to issue daily bulletins giving the number of new cases of deaths. The first bulletin was issued this morning, and gives the figures for Monday and Tuesday. According to these figures 89 new cases of cholera and 47 deaths occurred Monday in Paris and its suburbs. Yesterday 41 new cases and 26 deaths were reported in the city, and 9 new cases and 16 deaths in the sub-

The frightful suddenness with which some persons succumb to the disease is shown in the case of a workman at Fermaize, in the department of Marne, who died in great agony two hours after being attacked with illness of a choleraic nature.

Strike of Furniture-Workers.

Cincinnati, Sept. 7.-A furniture-workers' strike was begun to-day. It was decided at a meeting held last night to demand an eight-hour day. To-day the demand was presented to the employers. One firm conceded the demand, but

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